

The Start of the Beer Conversation

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Summary: Oneshot. Hiccup takes the time to start a new tradition for him and his father when Stoick returns home one night. Pure father/son fluff! Read and review!

The Start of the Beer Conversation

****Author's Note:** **Hey, fellow HTTYD fanfic readers! You are now looking at my first Stoick/Hiccup family fanfic on this site. So, do you guys remember those scenes, where Hiccup would bring a tankard of beer to his father after his father comes home in episode 2 of Riders of Berk? Well, here's how I think that little tradition (which is insanely adorable) got started.

ENJOY!

****Disclaimer:** **I do NOT own anything related to the HTTYD franchise! For the love of Thor!

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><p>The Start of a Beer Conversation<p>

As night finally fell over Berk thus ending another day, Hiccup continued to draw his latest sketches of him, Toothless, his friends, and their respective dragons in his sketchbook as he sat at his desk with Toothless sitting right next to him admiring his rider's work. The boy and the dragon perked up when they suddenly heard the front door of the Haddock house open.

"Hiccup, you here?" It was Stoick. Hiccup and Toothless both looked at each other when they noticed how tired the chief sounded.

"Uh!yeah, Dad!" Hiccup said quickly closing his sketchbook. "I'm upstairs with Toothless! I'll be right down!" Hiccup then took off

down the stairs with Toothless not far behind him. Boy and dragon came downstairs to find Stoick plopping down into his large chair letting out a deep breath taking off his helmet. "Hey, Dad, you OK?" Hiccup asked as he walked up to his father.

"Ah, I'm fine, son," Stoick said rubbing his temples. "Long day of chiefting, that's all. Do me a favor. Can you just get me two ice blocks? I have a mighty headache."

"Sure," said Hiccup. He ran to the back of the house to the small icebox and opened it. He took out two ice blocks that were the size of Stoick's palms. He brought them over to his father, who silently thanked him and placed them on either side of his head. "It sounded like it was a rough day. Want to talk about it?"

Stoick chuckled at his son's worried attitude. "I appreciate the concern, Hiccup," he said, "but I'm alright. Besides, I'm not sure you'll be interested in what I had to do today."

"Oh, come on, Dad, you always like to hear me talk to you about certain things," Hiccup said as he sat down in the small chair across from his father. "Let me return the favor."

Stoick stared at his son for a while and gave him a small smile. Ever since Hiccup had woken up from the battle against the Green Death, Stoick and Hiccup had been working on getting their relationship back on track. One of the ways they did so was that Stoick was always trying to take the time to actually sit down and talk to Hiccup about his day. Although, the chief never really took the time to explain what he did during the day while Hiccup and Toothless hung around Berk with their friends and tried to get the people of Berk used to dragons running around.

"Well, alright," Stoick said finally giving in. "I was--"

"Wait, hold on," Hiccup suddenly said cutting Stoick off as he ran to the back of the house again. "I know what can help you relax."

Stoick shook his head at his son's sudden burst of energy and went back to placing one of the ice blocks on his head. He sighed as the cold slowly numbed his throbbing head praying to the gods that maybe Gothi could find a cure for headaches. When he heard Hiccup coming back to the table, Stoick looked up and was confused at the sight in front of him. Hiccup was smiling at him while doing his best to hold out a mug of mead to him despite his small size as if he was giving it to him.

"What's this?" Stoick asked regarding his son's kind gesture.

"It's a mug of mead, Dad," Hiccup said with sarcasm in his voice.

"I know that! I meant what are you doing with it?"

"It's for you. I think you deserve it after the long day you had." Hiccup placed it on the table in front of his father.

The chief stared at the mug and then at Hiccup. He sighed. "Son, you

didn't have to do that."

"I know, Dad, but I wanted to."

Stoick then smiled at his boy as he gladly took the mug and took a sip from it. "Well, thank you, Hiccup. I really appreciate it."

"Anytime," Hiccup said as he sat down again. "So, come on, tell me what happened today."

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><p>Well, it's shortâ€¦but sweet! Hope you guys liked it! Don't forget to leave a review! Thanks again, guys!<p>

End
file.